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439 statuettes made by beginners or the gaudy weavings dyed with anilines to the fine old pieces of wood-carving or to the sumptuous ancient textiles that now rarely find their way into the curio market.

361 Den Pasar is a glorified Buleleng. In the great "alun-alun," the playground of Den Pasar, stolid Hollanders play tennis and drink beer near young Balinese playing soccer in striped sweatshirts, shorts, and spiked shoes. All around the square are the homes of the leading white residents, neat and bourgeois, small bungalows with enormous pink embroidered lampshades on every porch and well-kept front gardens of imported roses. The 366 business street leading to the market consists, as in Buleleng, of the same squalid shops, provision stores, gasoline pumps, a small Chinese hotel, and curio stalls with mass-production "Balinese art," all kept by the same Chinese compradors, the same bearded Bombay merchants with eagle-like beaks, dressed like burlesque comedians in incongruous tall fezzes, embroidered slippers, pink sarongs, and European vests worn over shirts with tails out, bargaining excitedly with husky bare-breasted Balinese women.

117 After the first bewildering days, when we had recovered from the shock of such distressing impressions as these, we began to "discover" the real Bali. Only a block away from the square, on the dirt-paved lanes adjacent to the main ayenues, where the peace is not broken by mad automobiles running over pigs and chickens, we found the typical mud walls of the compounds, the thatched gates protected by mysterious signs — a dead chicken nailed flat on a wall, or a little white flag inscribed with cabalistic symbols. These were the proper setting for the lithe brown-skinned women returning from market with baskets of fruit on their heads and for the men in loincloths sitting in groups around the baskets in which they kept their favourite fighting cocks. Energetic women thresh rice or bathe quite unconcerned in the ditch by the roadside, and serious naked children play in the middle of the street with a cricket they have just captured. From

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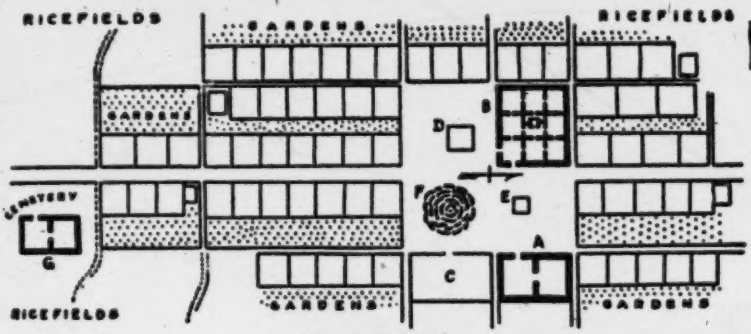
assembly (*balé agung*), the palace of the local feudal prince (B), the market (C), the large shed for cockfights (*wantilan*) (D), and the tall and often elaborate tower where hang the alarm tomtoms (*kulkul*) (E) to call to meetings, announce events, or warn of dangers. Also important to the village life is the ever present *waringin* (F), a giant banyan, the sacred tree of the Hindus, planted in the square. Under its shadow take place the



A Typical Village

A — Pura Desa
B — Puri
C — Market
D — Wantilan
E — Kulkul Tower
F — Waringin
G — Pura Dalam

shows and dances given in connection with the frequent festivals; market is also held there in villages that do not have a special market enclosure. In ancient villages the *waringin* grows to a giant size, shading the entire square and dripping aerial roots that, unless clipped before they reached the ground, would grow into trunks that unchecked might swallow up a village. A beautiful village *waringin* is an enormous rounded dome of shiny leaves supported by a mossy, gnarled single trunk hung with a curtain of tentacles that are cut evenly at the height of a man; but in the *waringins* that have grown freely outside the village, the tree spreads in every direction in fantastic shapes. The aerial filaments dig into the earth and grow into whitish trunks and branches emerging at illogical angles and filled with parasite ferns, a dreamlike forest that is in reality a single tree.

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368 [361] [764] Somewhere in the outskirts of the village are the public baths and the cemetery, a neglected field overgrown with weeds and decaying bamboo altars, with its temple of the Dead (c) and its mournful *kepuh* tree, a sad and eerie place. The bathing-place is generally a cool spot shaded by clusters of bamboo in the river that runs near the village, where all day long men and women bathe in the brown water in separate modest groups. Some villages have special bathing-places with fancy water-spouts and low walls of carved stone, with separate compartments for men and women. Tedjakula in North Bali is famous for its horse bath, a [231] special compartment that is larger and even more elaborate than the baths for the people.

THE MARKET

366 443 Important towns have great utilitarian markets of cement and galvanized tin where shrewd Arabs and Chinese keep regular shops of cloth and imported knick-knacks, but the average *desa* holds market under the shadow of the *waringin* or under square shades of straw mats like umbrellas. A few people sell there every 443 day; the " big " market takes place every third day of the religious calendar. There are " market associations " organized in groups of three *desas* that work together, holding market in rotation every day in each of the three villages. The women are the [462] financiers that control the market; one seldom sees men in it, except in certain trades or to help carry such a load as a fat pig. Even the money-changers are women, who sit behind little tables [436] filled with rolls of small change, *kepeng*, Chinese brass coins with a hole in the middle, worth a small fraction of a cent (about five to seven to a cent according to the current exchange). These coins are strung into rolls of two hundred, called *satak* (one string of twenty-five cents). Prices in the market vary according 435 to the buyer; they are lowest to the villager in his home town, 443 slightly higher for the Balinese of other villages, and considerably higher to foreigners. This is customary and understandable if one takes into consideration the communal spirit of the village